

Those Left Unmentioned

by Black17Solutions

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Summary: In wars, the people are never informed of everything that goes on during the fight; black ops, special forces, assassinations, so many things happen out of the public eye. And someone always has to do it.

Those Left Unmentioned

****Text: Author Comments****

>Text: Radio Communications Written Text_

>Text: Speech, Actions, etc.<p>

In the mid twenty third century, the UPG was almost completely overwhelmed by the Insurrectionist threat in the outer colonies. So combat this threat, they began to form elite task forces formed from soldiers, paramilitary and intelligence operatives, and professional contractors to assist in operations. One such group was known as Black 17, an elite organization that used some of the most advanced tactics and technology. The most skilled members of this group were known as Falcon Team.

This is their story...

Those left Unmentioned

>Chapter 1<p>

New France Outskirts, South Eastern Rainforest

>March 17th, 2267, 3:32 A.M.
Cpt. Nick Barrett, UPG Army

"Tango, ten o'clock, twenty meters," Four said, after spotting the armed individual behind a rotting log.

"I see him, One, permission to fire?" Two asked, lightly resting his finger on the trigger.

"Granted."

"Acknowledged." He responded.

Bap Bap Bap

"Tango down," Two said, watching the man drop to the ground, two bloody holes in his chest and the top of his head and face missing.

"Nice shot, Two" retorted Four.

"I coulda done better..." Three grumbled.

"Cut the chatter," Grunted One, "Form up on me."

The team quickly moved into a rough circle, unseen to others except for a slight blur in the misty jungle air.

"Falcon Overwatch, this is Falcon Actual," One called, activating his comm with his neural link, "Anything between us and the objective?"

*crrrk* Negative Falcon Actual, area all clear. *crrrk*

"Roger that," One said, "All teams, Grey Summer is a go, repeat, mission is a go."

One heard a chorus of oorahs, hell yeahs, and yes sirs before ordering his team, "You heard me, let's move!"

The team readied their MA9K/s GAWS' before sprinting towards their target, an derelict mansion, the former home of a rich entrepreneur, across 200 meters of open terrain seemingly created just for the purpose of leaving attackers without any cover to speak of.

This is why the UPSC supplied the team with three fire teams of Marine squads and, quite generously, a Navy SEAL Special Actions Team as 'distractions'. Falcon team would later be meeting up with the SEALs when they reach the primary objective.

"Move, move, move," One whispered, damp soil and branches squishing under their feet as the sprinted towards their objective, their Tanto Mk. 3b armor LAC coating obscuring them from any potential enemy's vision.

They heard the rapid pop, pop, pop, of the Marines' BR60 HBs as well as the occasional sharp crack from SRS-105Cs as the attack began.

As Ghost team reached their target, they spread out, covering a full 360 degrees.

"Two, breaching charge on the wall, Four, Five, cover him," One ordered, indicating a section of the wall with a waypoint on their HUDs.

"Boom, boom, boom..." Three muttered with a chuckle, his slight Ukrainian accent showing.

"Five, you have point," One said, the team lining up on either side of the target area.

"Fuck yeah!" she responded, fist pumping while positioning a metal

rectangle on the wall.

"Breaching in three,"

"Two."

"One."

BOOM!

The M42 Special Applications Explosive Charge was composed of three parts, the detonator, a Titanium A4 backer, and a plastic explosive charge that burns hot enough to create a jet of superheated plasma that can vaporise anything in two and a half meters in the chosen direction.

Needless to say, the two foot thick steel reinforced polycrrete wall stood no chance.

Ghost teams visors automatically polarized to prevent them from being blinded by the bright, but surprisingly quiet, explosion.

"Breaching, Breaching!" Five shouted as she rushed through the man sized hole left smoldering by the detonation.

"Area Clear," she said, entering the living room sized space.

"No shit sherlock," Four snickered.

"Stow it, dumbass," Three grunted.

"Clear."

"Clear."

One scanned the room with TIVAS assisted vision, seeing nothing, he repeated, "All clear."

"Falcon Actual, I've got two tangerines inbound from the door on your two o'clock."

"Roger that, Overwatch," He replied, motioning towards the archaic wood door, "Stack up on that door."

Immediately after the team got into position, they heard voices closing in their position.

"I'm telling you porn is art."

"No, nude art is art, porn is just filming sex."

"But holos have sex scenes, and holos are art."

One slowly drew a knife from its sheath on his chest.

"Yeah, Holos have storylines though, they don't focus around sex."

"Yeah but... Fuck, you win."

"Good, never argue about-" _Crack_

One could feel the wet snap the terrorist's neck made as he twisted it the the side and slid the knife up under the chin and into the targets brain.

He died instantly.

There was a squelch as the other man's skull was crushed under Two's armored boot.

One Activated his comm once again, "Overwatch, we good?"

"Your clear for the next fifty meters, after that there is a courtyard, we'll give you sniper cover once you're there."

"Roger that, Overwatch, we're oscar mike."

Ghost team quickly moved through the mostly abandoned hallways, weapons raised and ready. Five raised a closed fist.

"Hold up, somethin's on the tracker," she said.

"Friendly?" One asked, scanning the hall.

Five was about to respond when they heard a whisper, "Texas."

"Star," One said, relaxing.

Hearing the proper response, the speaker and his team decloaked, revealing the SEAL team.

"Little early to the party, eh, Lieutenant?" One scoffed at his opposite, lowering his rifle.

"Cleared em out fast, decided to you might need the help," The SEAL responded, raising his hand, "Good to see you, bro."

"Right back at ya," One said, clasping his friend's hand, "We should move, the marines are probably getting antsy."

Both teams reactivated their camouflage and advanced towards the courtyard ahead.

"Falcon Team, this is Bravo Team, please advise, we have a large group of hostiles entering the courtyard, recommend caution, over."

"Roger, Bravo Team, we have it covered, over," he responded, just as both teams reach the doorway to the courtyard.
>"Stack up,"<p>

Both teams formed up on either side of the door frame with One on point

"Breaching in three."

"Two, "

"One, "

One kicked open the steel door.

"Breaching, breaching, breaching!" One said as he bolted through the now open door, the rest of the team following him through.

One quickly took cover behind a cluster of nearby crates, popping out every time there was a break in the fire to take a few shots at the defenders.

"One, we're taking too much fire!" Two yelled over the comm, ducking as a bullet ricocheted off his cover, "We need to move!"

"Move to the stairs," The SEAL team leader said, "My team will cover your advance."

"Roger tha- _Urrrgph" _One grunted as a bullet punctured his armor just to the right side of his chest plate.

"Fuck! One's down, call Medevac!" Three sprinted out of cover to help him, "This is bad, punctured lung, and I think it nicked an artery."

"Go, I-I'll cover you," One struggled to say, blood beginning to splatter the inside of his visor as Three pumped him full of Medi-Foam and painkillers.

"But-"

"Go! I'll be okay." He ordered, bracing himself up against his cover.

"Damnit..." Three muttered, "Two, Four, cover me, we're moving, One, we'll be back for you."

"I'll be okay"

—

New Alexandria, Suburbs, Reach

>Nov. 8, 2270, 11:47 A.M.
Lt. Cmdr. Gregory Nielsen, Retired

"The usual Greg?" the waitress, Janet, asked.

"Yep, but a little less cheese this time," Greg said, thinking about his order, a triple cheeseburger with the works, just the right size for a man of his 7'9" stature.

As he waited for a few minutes for the staff to cook his meal, a man sat down in the chair across the table; brown hair, brown eyes, fit, not large, but still fit, definitely ONI.

"Let me guess, spook?" Greg asked, only mildly curious.

The man chuckled, "Nice guess, you aren't stupid."

"Anyway, so why would a good government employee be here, speaking to me?"

"Not here to talk really, just a delivery," The man handed Greg a folded piece of paper and left.

He unfolded the note:

Three

> TF B17 reactivated, report at 8:00.

> One

> P.S. Burger looks good.

—

** Tell me what you think, if I see enough feedback, I shall continue, if not, I will anyway.**

** Have a nice day...**

End
file.